stood by, hospital beds were emptied in preparation for casualties who failed to put in an appearance; A.R.P. personnel took turns at waiting through the night, kept watch o'er man's inanity in expectation of an alarm which did not come.

Most noticeable sign of what had befallen, was the black-out; flood-lighting succeeded by flood-darkening. In the darkness, hurrying forms groped their way; buses, faintly illuminated, glided past; neon signs, put out, each particle of light, extinguished. Darkness reigned, darkness descended—Fiat Nox! Soon it seemed as though there never had been any lights; as though always at nightfall buildings had vanished from sight after twilight's short, exquisite frailty; as though darkness had never been vanquished, pierced again and again by murderous shafts, until it was all wounds, like a diabetic unable to find unpierced flesh to insert his needle. War brought darkness, not slaughter; darkness, not passion, took the heaviest toll of life—casualties after two months of war:

Black-out	1,130
Navy	586
Air-Force	79
Army	nil

To some war brought hope. The functionless saw in it a chance to be released from days which were empty and nights which were long. Bayswater wallpaper might now be no more seen; streets often trodden, trodden no more; wives, games of bridge, crossword puzzles, afternoon slumber, all laid aside. War meant being wanted. They wrote letters; renewed acquaintance with influential persons; went to recruiting offices. War would renew their youth. They would be young again,

back at the point where the last war ended; uniformed, riotous, singing 'If You Were the Only Girl in the World' with deep emotion.

Outcasts of all descriptions, monied and penurious, hoped that at last they might be wanted. In peace they were redundant; in war surely some use would be found for them; vast human, waste-product, somehow fed and clothed, given the means of